AN

EXCELLENT GARLAND,

CONTAINING

THREE CHOICE SONGS.

1. BATCHELORS HALL.
2. CHURCH and KING.
3. BATTLE of BOYNE.

G. SWINDELLS, Printer.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

Sung by Mr. DIBDEN.

TO Bachellors Hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace that makes up our delight,
We have ſpirits like fire and of health ſuch a ſtock,
That our pulſe ſtrikes the ſecond as true as a clock.
Did you ſee us you'd ſwear as we mount with a grace,
Did you ſee us, &c.
That Diana had dubb'd ſome new gods of the chaſe,
Hark away! Hark away!
All nature looks gay,
And Aurora with ſmiles uſhers in the bright day.
Dick Thickſet came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back,
Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone,
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan,
But the horſe of all horſes that mall'd the day,

Was the 'Squire's neck or nothing & that was a grey.

Hark away ! Hark away !
While our ſpirits are gay,
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

Then for hounds there was nimble ſo well that climbs rocks,
And cock-noſe a good one at ſcenting a fox,
Little plunge like a mole will feret and ſearch,
And beetle brow'd hawks-eye ſo dead at a lurch
Young ſly-looks that ſcents the ſtrong breeze from the ſouth,
And muſical echo-well with his deep mouth.

Hark away, &c.

Our horſes thus all of the very beſt blood,
'Tis not likely you'll eaſily find ſuch a ſtud,
And for hounds our opinions with thouſands we'll back,
That in England throughout can't produce ſuch a pack,
Thus having deſcrib'd you dogs horſes, and crew
Away we ſet out for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly Reynard's brought home while the horns ſound a call,
And now you're all welcome to Bachelors-hall,
The ſavoury furloin, gratefully ſmokes on the board,
And Bacchus pours wine from his favorite hoard
Come on then do honour to this jovial place,
And enjoy the ſweet pleaſures that ſprings from the chaſe.

Hark away, &c.

A NEW SONG,

CALLED

Succeſs to Church & King.

[Compoſed by JAMES SNOWSHILL.]

BRITONS I pray attend,
And with ſtout hearts defend
George and his throne;
Boldly to make a ſtand, join to protect
Leſt by the traitors (the land,
It is overthrown.

Such things I have to tell,
Which now of late befel,
Throughout this land; (heart,
Riots in many parts cauſe many a aching
Pray may God turn their hearts,
Proſper our King.

May all Revolntions ceaſe;
That we may dwell in peace,
Throughout this land;
Send no more riots here. never to inter-
God bleſs King GEORGE, (fare,
And the Churches ſo true.

Britons throughout the land,
Take your king's cauſe in hand,
Juſtice purſue; (vile intent,
And thoſe that do invent ſchemes of ſuch
Bring them to puniſhment,
Which is their due.

Long may King GEORGE maintain
A long and happy reign,
And let us ſing, (do propoſe,
May he confonnd all thoſe that wickedly
To Old England's foes,
God ſave the King.

Now for to make an end
Of this that I have pen'd,
I'll ſing amain,
May all Revolutions ceaſe, loyalty ſtill
And England be at Peace, (increaſe,
GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Battle of the Boyne.

ON July firſt in Old Bridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
While cannons they do rattle,

The Iriſh then they vow'd revenge,
Againſt King Willian's forces,
And ſolemnly they did proteſt,
That they would ſtop his courſes,

In Old Bridge town ſtrong guards they kept,
And more at the Boyne water,
King James began five days too ſoon,
With guns and cannons rattling,

He pitch'd his camps, ſecur'd his ground,
Thinking not to retire,
But King William threw his hot balls in
And ſet their tents on fire,

A bullet from the Iriſh came
Which graz'd King Williams arm,
They thought his majeſty was ſlain.
But he rece ved no harm.

His general in friendſhip came,
His King wou d often caution,
To ſhun the ſpot where bullets hot,
Did fly in rapid motion

He did not mind King William ſaid,
The name of a commander,
That will not venture life and limb,
To make his foes ſurrender,

King William ſaid unto his men,
Brave bnys we are well armed,
And if you'll all couragious be,
We'll venture and take the water,

The horſe were order'd to march on firſt,
And the foot did ſoon follow after;

But brave Duke Schomberg loſt his life;
By ven'ring o'er the water.

Be not diſmayed King William ſaid,
For the loſt of one commander,
For God will be our day,
And I'll be general under.

In princely mein the Brince march'd on,
His men ſoon followed after,
With ſhell and ſhot the Iriſh fought,
And made a grievous ſlaughter.

King James eſpied the Engliſh then,
King William he governed,
He thought better to retreat,
Then liana and he diſarmed.

The Proteſtants of Dieghada,
Have reaſon to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
Although they were but a handful.

Firſt to thoſe they were brought:
And try'd at Mill-town after,
But brave King William ſet them free,
By vent'ring o'er the water.

High to Dundalk the fabtil French,
Had taken up their quarters,
And on a plain in ambuſh lay,
A waiting for freſh orders.

But in the dead time of the night,
They ſet their tents on fire,
And long before the break of day,
To Dublin did retire,

King William was our general,
No mortal e're was braver;
With hat in hand his valiant men,
He thanked for their behaviour.

The pattern day proved too hot,
For King James and his army,
He would rather chuse for to retreat,
Then stand and be disarmed.

We gave our prayers night and day,
Both now and ever after,
And never let us forget the day,
King James ran from the water.

10 JU 52